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by Candles In The Snow

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Summary: Ever since he was young, Nebel had wondered one thing; who was his father and why had he left? In search of those answers, he joins Shin-Ra's military in hopes of being recruited into the Turks. Things, of course, go awry. (Warning: Future slash!)

Sein Sohn

Okay, I know I should be working on my other stories, but I wrote this a while back and couldn't help but want to publish it because I thought it was a really neat idea!

I hope you all enjoy it too!

I do not own Final Fantasy VII.

~Snow.

* * *

><p>"Mama?"

Adolpha paused in her knitting to glanced down at her son. Bright, red hues peered up at her from beside her rocking chair. She sat her knitting in her lap and her brows furrowed at noticing that her young child had tears in his eyes. Reaching a hand out, she gently began to stroke the soft, sun-kissed blonde hair of her son. "Yes, Nebel?" she asked softly.

"Why don't I have a Daddy?" the five-year-old asked, lower lip trembling.

_A blonde brow rose as Adolpha wondered what had prompted the little boy to ask her. She had figured this day would come, but not so soon... Setting her knitting down into the basket on the other side of her chair, the woman held her arms out to Nebel, who quietly scrambled around the chair and up into her lap. Wrapping her arms

around the boy, she pulled him close as she answered, "You do have a Daddy, Nebel. He just isn't here."_

"But why isn't he? Tifa, Rolph and Dana all have Daddies that are here." The five year-old sniffled. Resting his head against his mother's chest, he listened to the vibrations her chest made as she spoke.

"Sometimes, Daddies have to leave. Some of the times they come back, and some of the times they don't," she explained. Resting her cheek against her son's fluffy hair, she raised a hand to stroke it lightly.

"Like how Emmett's Daddy went to fight in Wutai? Tifa told me that he can't come home ever again," Nebel said quietly. Adolpha's expression softened. Raynor Stocke had been one of the few men from Nibelheim who had been drafted into the Wutaian war. According to the letter from Shin-Ra his family had received, Raynor had been killed by enemy forces in Wutai â€" leaving two children and his wife behind.

"Not quite like that, Nebel. Emmett's Daddy went to fight a war against people, your Daddy went to fight one against himself." Adolpha felt Nebel begin to raise his head and raised hers. Looking down at her son, she felt the corners of her lips tug upwards at seeing his confused expression, so much like his father's.

"Why would Daddy do that? How could Daddy do that? Where'd he go?" he asked, brows scrunched.

Adolpha smiled sadly. "I don't know, Nebel." Gently pulling her son to her chest again, she murmured, "I wish I knew though, I wish I knew..."_

* * *

><p>"Mama?"

"Yes, Nebel?"

"What did Dad look like?"

Pausing in her kneading, Adolpha turned away from the kitchen counter and her bread dough to look at the child in the doorway. At seven years old, her son hadn't changed much but in height, intelligence and he had lost just a bit of his baby-fat. His eyes were wide, so full of awe and wonder most days. Other days they seemed so old, very knowledgeable. His hair was a shade darker now, reminding her more of a yellow Chocobo's color than her own fair blonde._

Smiling at her son, she motioned for him to step away from the doorway. "Pull up a chair, Nebel, and help your poor old Mama with her baking."_

Red hues rolled. "You're not that old, Mama," Nebel insisted. Pulling one of the heavy wooden chairs away from the table, he pulled it over to the counter and stood on it to give himself better height._

"How sweet you are," she said teasingly, leaning over to kiss his cheek. The seven year old smiled and (after washing and thoroughly drying his hands) began to knead a smaller roll of bread dough that she had set out for him. "Make sure to flour it well, Nebel," Adolpha instructed before returning to her own loaf. "And don't over knead it."

"I know, Mama."

They worked for several minutes in silence before Adolpha spoke, "You look similar to your father, but more to me than him. You have his eyes, his smile, his intelligence... His eye sight." Nebel glanced at his mother, noticing the sadness in her expression as she talked about his father. "He was tall too â€" much taller than you or I. He had dark hair was always neat, despite the few spikes he had. Pale as the moonlight, like you are. When I first met him, he was somewhat shy." She chuckled softly. "But had such a soft heart for what he did... He was a good man, your father."

"You miss him." It wasn't a question.

"I do," Adolpha agreed. Looking over at her son, she smiled. "But I know that he left to keep us safe â€" to keep you safe."

Brows furrowed rather cutely. "I thought he left to fight a war with himself?" Nebel asked, confused.

"That too." The blonde woman turned to hide her smile when she heard her seven year-old grumble about 'confusing moms' under his breath. "I know something that you have of his, too," she added.

Pausing in his grumblings, Nebel cocked his head slightly as he looked at his mother. "I do? What?" he asked curiously.

Turning to face him, Adolpha grinned as she tapped a flour-covered finger against her son's nose. "You've got his cute little nose, too!"

"Mama!"

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><p>"Mama! I'm home!" a nine year-old Nebel called out. Closing the front door of the house quietly behind him, he paused in the house's entryway, listening for his mother. Several seconds passed before he deeming it safe enough to sneak into the bathroom to retrieve the first aid kit.

Either fortunately, or unfortunately, his mother exited the bathroom just as he got to it. "Ne-" she began to say his name, only to pause and then inhale sharply at seeing the large, partly bleeding claw marks that ran down his arms and chest. "Nebel!"

"Hi, Mama," the blonde greeted his mother weakly. His normally pale skin was closer to a snowy white color as he swayed slightly where he stood.

_Reaching out, his mother gently grabbed him by an uninjured spot on his arm, carefully steadying him. "What attacked you?" she demanded to know as she led him over to a chair. Pulling it out, she carefully

helped him to sit on it._

Nebel didn't hesitate to answer, "Dragon." He winced as the grip on his arm tightened before vanishing. His mother darted from the kitchen and returned a moment later with a first aid kit in hand.

"This is going to hurt, Nebel," Adolpha warned him as she opened the kit. The pale nine year-old grimaced before nodding in understanding. "A lot more than the time you were attacked by that pack of wolves."

"I know, Mama." Drinking the Antidote that his mother held to his lips, the blonde grimaced at the taste. "Yuck." The red-eyed boy dutifully swallowed the Potion that followed.

"How did you get away?" the woman asked as she began to clean and disinfect the large gashes on her son's arms. Ignoring his winces and a whimper or two, she cleaned away the few dirt-infested scabs that had started to grow.

"Shot it in the eye. I lost the gun you gave me, Mama, when I was running from the dragon. Sorry," Nebel apologized quietly.

"Shush," his mother frowned as she glanced up at her son before returning to dressing his wounds. "You needn't apologize, Nebel. You're alive, and that's what matters. We can always get a new gun."

The young boy smiled weakly and nodded. They sat in silence for a long while, the only noise made was that of what Adolpha made as she worked. "You should've been a doctor, Mom. You would've made a good one," Nebel stated suddenly, as she finished cleaning his wounds. Holding up an arm, he inspected the bandages on it as he said, "You could have lived somewhere better than here."

Adolpha smiled. "If I had became a doctor, and had moved, I would have never met your father or have had you," she pointed out. "I wouldn't give my time with him, or you, up for anything, Nebel." At seeing her son's cheeks redden, she added causally, "Besides, I like being a baker. I can set my own hours, my house always smells wonderful, and whenever there's a slightly burnt batch of cookies, I have dessert!"

Nebel giggled softly, nodding in agreement as he lowered his arm. "I do love your cookies, Mama."

"Good." Adolpha nodded, mocking a serious look. "You better love your Mother's cookies, if you didn't, you'd break my heart!" She dramatically clutched her dress above the spot where her heart was. Red eyes rolled fondly.

"Yes, Mama." The blonde smiled before hesitating. "What did Dad used to do?" he asked.

_Adolpha pursed her lips, debating for a moment whether or not to tell her son before answering. "He was a Turk," she began and at seeing the confused look on Nebel's face, the blonde woman elaborated, "Turks are employees of the Shin-Ra Power and Electric

Company. Before he left, your father told me that the official name for the Turks is the Investigation Sector of the General Affairs Department. Turks is the unofficial name for that part of the company. You can say that they're the 'clean up' crew of Shin-Ra."

"Oh..." Nebel murmured thoughtfully.

When Adolpha finished cleaning up, she stood picked up the first aid kit and glanced over at her son. A smile curved the corners of her lips upwards as she noticed the distant look on her son's face. And she prayed, to whatever deity would listen to her, that her son would never lose that look, the one of wonder and curiosity that he had now.

Oh how she prayed.

* * *

<p>"Hey, Mama?"

Glancing up from her knitting, the blonde woman turned her head to look at her son, who stood "Yes, Nebel?"

"I'm going to Midgar," the fourteen year-old blurted out quickly, "I want to go and join Shin-Ra. I-" Nebel faltered. Taking a deep breath after a moment, he continued, "I want to join the Turks."

"Okay." Nebel stared in surprise as his mother nodded and resumed knitting. "Although, might I ask you why?" she asked after a moment of her son's stunned silence.

"I want to find out what happened to him." Adolpha stopped in her knitting to stare at her son. Nebel stared back, a determined glint in his red eyes as he spoke, "I want to find out what happened to father, who he was, where he went, what war he was fighting with himself. I know you know somethings, maybe everything I want to know, but I want to learn it for myself, by my own way. I want to be able to understand him, too. I don't know if this is the way to do it, but I have to try."

Setting her knitting in her lap, his mother nodded. "I know I can't stop you." Adolpha smiled. "You're just as stubborn as I am." She chuckled softly. Sitting her knitting aside, she stood. "Before you leave tomorrow, there's something I've been keeping for you, a gift from your father." She motioned for her son to follow her as she headed out of the room.

Nebel followed silently, curiosity showing on his expression. He wondered just what his father had left him. It could be anything, really; Gil, Materia, a picture would be nice (despite his mother's vague descriptions, he had no idea what his father looked like). A journal, perhaps? A letter? His mind whirled around many possibilities before he stopped beside their beds, where his mother's little safe that she had had for many years sat. Red eyes watched as she quickly spun the little combination lock around (34 Left, 21 Right, 28 Left, he silently noted) and opened the door to the safe. The blonde couldn't help but lean forward a little, very curious, as he had never seen his mother open the safe before.

Adolpha pulled out a case, small and black. She motioned for her son to sit on the bed, sitting down herself as she did so. The fourteen year-old sat next after another prompting hand motion, his gaze solely on the case that she sat in her lap. Opening the case, she revealed the gun that sat inside, it was one that Nebel hadn't seen in her possession before. A dark metal made up most of the gun, but the handle had wooden siding to it. "Here, your father left this to me to give it to you when you came of age. But I'm sure he won't mind if I gave it to you a little early, knowing the circumstances." She held out the gun. He didn't hesitate to take it, looking it over curiously and her gaze softened as she watched him test the weight of the gun in his hand, checking the barrel just a second later.

"He made it?" Nebel asked, running a thumb over the wood in the handle of the rather lovely gun. It had been sanded smooth, most likely polished several times as well. The metal that made most of the gun was one that he hadn't seen before.

"Yes." Adolpha smiled at the memory, her sitting in a chair on the porch one afternoon, watching as her son's father poured part of his heart and soul into the gun he made for his son. "He made it for you."

"Does it have a name?" the younger blonde asked. His grip on the gun tightened just a bit, inwardly he was surprised about the fact that his father had made it for him, but at the same time a warmth blossomed in his heart.

His mother nodded. "He named it as he was making it," she admitted.

"Every good weapon has a name," Nebel quoted his mother from years before, when she had given him his first gun, Tiny Bee. Cocking his head to the side, he looked at his mother curiously as he asked, "What's the name of this one?"

Adolpha smiled as she answered, "Quicksilver."

* * *

><p>He couldn't breathe, why couldn't he breathe? Was he choking? Was someone choking him? No, not someone, something. But what? Water? No, not water but smoke. Smoke? Why was smoke choking him? That's right, there was a fire, but, why was there a fire? How was there a fire? Who, who had set it?

Mama? Where, where was she? He stumbled through the burning town, gun slung at his side as he ducked under a pole that collapsed into another house. Darting around a large, flaming pile of debris, he ran. "Mama! Mama!" he screamed. Someone was behind him, chasing after him, but something told him that they were a friend, not a foe.

His lungs burned, his eyes burned, his skin felt hot, sweat dried from the heat of the burning town. Then red, red was all he could see as he came to a stop outside of his house, a fallen figure on the ground in front, red seeping from a spot on her back and into the ground, where a pool of red â€" a pool of blood, her blood, seeped into the ground.

"MAMA!"

* * *

><p>Red eyes flew open and Nebel shot up out of bed, his heart racing from the last part of the dream "or was it a memory like the others?"<p>

"You okay?" a voice next to him spoke and the blonde teen jerked away, falling out of the bed. Tangled in the sheets, he struggled against them while the voice spoke again, "Woah, woah there! Calm down! Give me a moment and I'll help you, okay? Just don't kick me." The other man (the voice was too deep to be a woman's) tone took on a joking tone to it. Nebel hesitated before relaxing and he let the other person help him untangle from the sheets. The stranger offered him a hand to help him up and the blonde took it, letting the other help him to his feet. It was then that he could get a good look at the man's face in the dark. Eyes widened and pale cheeks flushed in embarrassment when he realized it was the Second Class SOLDIER that he and few other cadets had been on a mission to Junon with.

"That better?" Zack Fair asked, giving Nebel a slight grin and a concerned look-over. The blonde nodded, spikes bobbing slightly. "Nightmare?" He nodded again and Zack gave him a knowing look. "Everyone gets them, especially after a day like yesterday," he said grimly. "Think you could go back to sleep?" Nebel shook his head. "Me neither."

"Sorry," Nebel apologized quietly, ducking his head.

"Hey now it's no big deal. I wasn't sleeping well anyways." The SOLDIER raised a hand and ruffled Nebel's hair, laughing quietly at the surprised squawk he got in return. "What do ya say to ditching these guys and going and getting something to eat?" he asked, jabbing a thumb in the direction of the sleeping cadets.

"In our pajamas?" the blonde questioned hesitantly.

"Yeah!" Zack replied quietly, but with just as much enthusiasm as he would if he could be louder.

"Well... Then sure," Nebel agreed, a smile making its way across his face. "I have to stop by the bathroom first," he tacked on after a moment.

"Alright!" The black-haired teenager grinned as he punched a fist into the air. Wheeling around, he stepped over the blankets that were now spread across the floor and motioned for Nebel to follow. "C'mon, Cloud!"

* * *

><p>And that's the chapter! I hope you all enjoyed it and will continue to stick around for more!**

**_Comments? Questions? Criticisms? Please leave a Review! I'd love to hear from you all! Like this story and eager to read more, please Follow and possibly Favorite! All flames will be fed to my little sister's pet dragon!

>**

See you all soon!

~Snow.

(PS. Can anyone guess who Cloud's dad is? ^w^)

End
file.